

The War Cry



DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syrian Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—Great is the efficiency of the prayer which a righteous man prayeth. James v. 16.

Monday.—Let every one who invoceth the names of our Lord stand aloft from iniquity. II Tim. ii. 19.

Tuesday.—Exulte (magnify) the gift of God that is in thee. II Tim. i. 6.

Wednesday.—Study to present thyself before God, perfectly, . . . one who correctly announceeth the word of truth. II Tim. ii. 15.

Thursday.—Proclaim the word and persist (in it) with diligence. II Tim. iv. 2.

Friday.—When Jesus looked on the multitudes He pitied them. Matt. ix. 36.

Saturday.—Jesus travelled . . . and taught . . . and proclaimed the tidings of the Kingdom. Matt. ix. 36.

TIPS FOR TALKERS.

Get up Again.

AT the bloody battle of Marengo the French line fell back in a complete rout, and the officers rushed up to their commander, crying: "The battle is lost."

"Yes," exclaimed the General, "one battle is lost, but there is time to win another." Inspired by his faith and courage, the officers hurried back, turned the head of the retreating column, and when in a few hours the last gun was fired, the French camped on the field of battle. Marengo had been won.

Backslider, How Dare You Lower the Flag of Calvary.

NEW ORLEANS had just been occupied by the Federal troops, and General Dix had hoisted a flag, the Stars and Stripes, in place of the Confederate flag. The first night it was hoisted someone, under the cover of darkness, slipped up the flag-staff and cut the cord, and next morning the proud ensign lay trampled in the dust. It was again hoisted, but for three consecutive nights the same thing occurred. When it was reported to General Dix, he answered curtly, "When the man is found shoot him on the spot."

Which Way do You Get the Wasps?

A TRAVELLER in Nicaragua tells us that one of the birds of that country builds in a thorn-bush, close by a wasp's nest. The thorns form a thick stockade to keep out intruders, and the wasps act as unmerciful pickets and sentries, and hold back invading foes. One day this naturalist observed, returning to its well-defended nest, a bird which was unfortunate enough to entangle itself in the thorns. Its wild flutter and cry of distress stirred up the wasps that had hitherto acted as a bodyguard, and swarming forth to their angry boss, they stung the little songster to death. The blunder of the poor bird turned the sentinels into assassins. And thus do we often, by our ignorance and sins, wrest the providences of God to our hurt.

J. S. CORNER.

THE Endeavor Herald tells teachers how to have a small class. It says:

(1) If the day is hot, stay at home; if it is cold, stay in the warm parlor; if it rains, be sure not to go out.

(2) Don't study the lesson. Keep your brain like an empty shell.

(3) Be dull. Talk as if to be uninteresting was the height of your ambition.

(4) Be tedious. Bore the class with long talks.

(5) Manifest no interest in your scholars. Never smile in the street. Never visit their homes. Never enter into their joys and sorrows.

THE ASTRONOMY OF HOLINESS

BY ARTHUR BOOTH-CLIBBORN, COMMISSIONER.

THE "LAW OF ATTRACTION" AND THE "LAW OF LOVE."

Full Surrender.

IN order to make this poem of as practical and of as spiritually helpful a character as possible, it may be well to describe more amply the full surrender and entire consecration which are at the basis of entire sanctification and of all successful and permanent work in spreading the kingdom of God on earth. Now that we know the laws which govern the heavenly bodies we can recognize in the career of Abraham—the model and father of all the faithful—the working of a law absolutely parallel to that ruling those very stars and planets upon which God brought him out to look, and we see that it was when he had chosen as the controlling principle of his career, an obedience as absolute as that which governs them and a life of faith as absolute as is the homelessness of their nomadic life in space that he was told that his posterity would become as numerous as they. To be like him and like them in absolute surrender is therefore the one sublime and simple secret, and the one certain means of turning many to righteousness.

Religion Made Easy.

There can be only two kinds of religion—that which is a BIRDEN and that which is a YOKER, and that which is a LIFE, a FORCE which carries us. We see at a glance which of these is the true and which the false.

Holiness is simply a return to man's normal state.

All that is normal and natural is marked by joy, ease and happiness; we see this in nature all around us. When man replaces himself under the universal law of full surrender to God he finds himself linked on to that eternal Something which makes all go right in his inward universe. He joins in the eternal harmony, Heaven enters his breast. What a purer, sweeter, purer, healthier or sweeter than the divine life in the soul—it is eternal spring.

Holiness is therefore religion made easy.

It is easier to serve God with the whole heart than with a divided heart; it is easier to live a sanctified life than any other. Perfect love casts out fear—for all care and fear come in some way or other from sin, from want of full surrender and full submission.

Religion is never fully real till it becomes the pleasure of our existence. The Christian to be real must be the ABSOLUTE opposite of the worldling. The worldling makes pleasure his god, the Christian makes God his pleasure.

This brings us to the question of the whole question of holiness is the natural fruit of AN ABSOLUTE RELIGION—of a religion which accepts Jesus Christ as the absolute monarch of the soul, as a life of ceaseless and entire conformity to all the will of God as the only one possible for it. It accepts GOD as the supreme good.—For He

We find it in the very first line of the Bible. There is enough there to save or sanctify anyone. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "In the beginning God"—He must have the FIRST place in our lives. This is ABSOLUTE. "Created"—religion is a new and miraculous creation in the soul, a creation by God alone. "The heavens and the earth"—FIRST the heavens and then the earth. First the infinite and then the finite. That again is absolute: It implies that spiritual things must have the FIRST place in our lives and be placed ABOVE all earthly things as the heavens are above the earth.

That is all very clear and simple, but heretofore gloriously absolute. All nature is absolute in its obedience. The planets are absolutely surrendered to the law that governs them, and with what power and precision they move in their courses. Yet they are but MATTER. And cannot man also who is infinitely higher than them in his nature, obey the law of God? by full surrender. And that law can be better adapted to him than the delightful law of LOVE?

(To Be Continued.)

EMIGRANTS



EMIGRANTS FOR EMANUEL'S LAND

should lose no time in having their berth secured, as ONLY ONE VESSEL can ever succeed in reaching the promised land.

VESEL GOSPEL, EVER Rom. 1:16.

PORT which it leaves CITY OF DESTRUCTION, 2

BOUND FOR . . . EMANUEL'S LAND, Heb. 11

TIME OF SAILING . . . TO DAY, Heb. 5:7, 8.

THE FARE WITHOUT MONEY AND WITH

CAPT. JESUS CHRIST, Heb. 2:10.

CREW WORKERS TOGETHER, 2

PASSENGERS . . . SINNERS SAVED BY GRACE,

SEA over which it

LIGHTHOUSE . . . HOLY SCRIPTURES, Pa.

COMPASS TRUTH, Job. 8:22.

SAILS FAITH AND LOVE, 2 Thes. 1:3

WIND THE HOLY SPIRIT, John 6:63.

STORAGE GRACE, Isa. 55:12—2 Cor.

ANCHOR HOPE, Heb. 6:10.

Passengers are supplied with everything on the voyage.—Phil. 4:12—"My God shall supply all your need." And the spirit and the bride say, COME. And let him that heareth say, COME. And let him that is athirst COME. And WHOEVER WILLS let him TAKE the water of life freely."

The vessel affords ample accommodation.—Luke 14:22—"And yet there is room."

Reader! Are you on board this Gospel Ship before it sails? If not, what? Ah! wait!

The vessel is absolutely safe and thoroughly reliable, and will certainly reach its destination, but ALL who neglect to get on board will be eternally lost, and will be tormented in the lake of fire for ever and ever.—Matt. 25: 6; Rev. 14:10-11.

Christ died for the ungodly. Rom. 5:6.

If a man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. Rom. 8: 9.

Now know that those dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us His Spirit. I John 4:13.

There's Danger in Disobedience.

THERE was a girl in one of my corps who was called of God to go into the work as an officer. She filled up her Candidates' Forms and was accepted, but never went into training. She continued to be a careless, lazy, and did a lot of good work at the corps. One day the factory in which she worked took fire, she, with only two or three more people, jumped into the street from a third-story window. She was dreadfully injured, and when some of her comrades visited her in the hospital, she was the first thing she said to them was, "If I had obeyed God, I should not be here now." From last accounts I heard that she was next week to die, and she would ever be able to walk again.

THE DEVIL KEEPS CLOSE TO THOSE WHO ARE SELFISH.

WHAT IS THE USE OF ASKING GOD TO FORGIVE YOU WHILE YOU HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST A BROTHER.

CONSECRATION NEVER GOES UNCROWNED.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

It cannot be God's plan that religion should be another burden added to all those which weigh down mankind. It must surely be His intention to make it as easy and natural for us to obey the spiritual law which belongs to the human race as it is for all His other creatures to obey the natural law which governs them. He must surely have power so to change our hearts as to make it an instinct and a delight to do His will, and an agreeable as it was formerly to do our own will. He describes His religion as the glorious liberty of His children. He declares that His yoke is easy, and His service a joy. But religion must and will remain a burden so long as it has not become more natural for us to be holy than to sin. No one can deny this.

God's plan is therefore to give us a new nature—His own nature—whose distinctive character is the love of sin and love of righteousness. It makes us PREFER His will and His law. It is love, it is life. Yes, the yoke of Christ is simply a new and divine LIFE in us. It is Himself. It is LOVE. Holiness is simply soul health. Life and health are the same burdens. This spiritual life is a force which carries us along. We have not to supply it. It is super-natural. It is not a THING. It is a PERSON. It is Christ in us. It is the centre of attraction. He rules in our inward heavens. We revolve round Him as it were. His glory is our supreme aim. In being absorbed with it—we lose sight of ourselves. The pursuit of this object deprives us of all taste for sin, and leaves us no time for it. Faith and love become natural and instinctive.

can suffice in the absence of all else. When we let go everything, then we are in safety and in peace. He who has not let go everything cannot be safe or can lose. Why then should he fear? What can man take from him who has nothing? And when God is our all—when a man gives up all else, and only offer a part, to him who has already got the whole.

An Absolute Religion.

This absolute religion is commanded throughout the whole Bible; for the claims and commands of God cannot be less than His nature. And this fact is hidden the greatest of all blessings; for did God only demand a partial obedience, it would imply that he could only give us a partial salvation, one which could never satisfy our souls.

Sanctification is found, therefore, by absolute surrender and simple faith. It is a gift; for whatever comes from God to man can have no other character than that of a gift. A gift can only be received at some precise moment, and the only way of receiving SPIRITUAL gift is by faith. Hence holiness, like all other absolutely necessary things—air, light, water—is simple and easily accessible. A child can understand it, and only those who receive it who do as little children. It is simple because it is absolute. When men complicate their religion, they represent as being difficult, it is always a proof that at the bottom THEY DO NOT BELIEVE IN THE GIFT OF GOD FULLY and give Him the ABSOLUTE control of their lives. But there is only one Biblical religion—it is absolute religion—the law of salvation, whose basis is full surrender.

"If there is one grace which this poor world lacks more than another, surely it is that of enduring to the end—the being faithful unto death."

THE GENERAL

"CAPTAIN EVA,"

Or, "Personal Reminiscences of the Field Commissioner."

BRIGADIER ALICE LEWIS.

ON arriving at Congress Hall, Clapton, some years ago, to begin my career as a Cadet, I was told that a new system of training had just been put into force, and that the Cadets were trained in batches at different garrisons in and around London.

I was a good deal disappointed, and, being a new Salvationist indeed, was not inclined to look favorably upon this sudden change. However, I was soon informed that I was to become a Cadet at the Marylebone Training Garrison under Miss Eva Booth, who was Captain in charge of both Garrison and corps.

I shall never remember those seven weeks of Cadetship. **IT WAS A TRAINING!** It was almost an every day baptism of fighting in one form or another. It was remarkable what power the slight girlish figure of the Captain Eva (as she was popularly called) commanded over those rough Marylebone audiences. She acted as her own policeman in the matter of preserving order, and the greatest punishment she could inflict on some of the most hardened and reckless was to pass a sentence of so many days exclusion from the meetings.

The opposition in certain quarters at that time in that neighborhood, was terrible. Never shall I forget that Sunday morning when we were processioning down one of the lowest side streets. All seemed quiet and, in fact, scarcely being visible, when suddenly we were surrounded with a gang of desperate characters set on us by some saloon keepers, whose victims had through the instrumentality of the Field Commissioner's meetings, been rescued from their clutches. It was a fearful struggle! Knives gleamed fiercely in the morning sun as they slashed into bandmen's instruments; blood streamed mercilessly down wounded heads and faces; lasses were trampled beneath brutal feet; the air was filled with the oaths of the aggressors and the cries of the wounded. The Field Commissioner, who was always in the fore-front of danger, struggled hard to release herself from a group of our soldiers who, with great presence of mind, had dragged her by force further down the street. Her anguish was pitiable; and when we had all escaped from our assailants, she busied herself in binding up wounds, and cheering her troops onward.

Often of an evening our march, led by the young Captain Eva, would be attacked with bricks and stones, and we used to hide the broken heads from the Commissioner's eyes; but, in vain, for instinctively she found them out and did her best to harangue them up. But it was really wonderful how the opposition broke down, and some who had been our greatest opponents, became our greatest champions. And how could it be otherwise with that young figure sitting in and out of some of the most wretched dens on God's earth. With her own hands scrubbing the floors, or making a cup of tea for some wretchedly-situated sufferer visiting the roughs when in jail, singing her songs of hope and salvation to the hopeless and perishing.

I remember one evening running down into the little kitchen at the Garrison and seeing the Commissioner with a dirty little girl-infant on her lap and a great bucket of water on her side. With her own hands she was cleaning the vermin-stricken and neglected little body. I felt it indeed needed a special dispensation of grace to do that, and it was only one of

many such practical instances of love and help.

We were very poor, for the Garrison being a new thing arrangements were very incomplete, and our fare was often bread and dripping, or water spiced by too small a portion of meat or bones, etc.; and on one occasion we spent five cents for a kidney for the Commissioner. She gave us a gentle lecture on such extravagance on her behalf, and the kidney passed lips other than her own.

The meetings were of a remarkable character, the audience being made up of a curious admixture of respectable and VERY MUCH NON-RESPECTABLE.

The singing was always a peculiar feature, the exquisite strains of some



BRIGADIER AND MRS. FUGMIRE AND FAMILY.

touching song being gradually heard through the din of many noises, floating in the air, carrying heavenly influences, subduing and melting the roughest hearts into possibilities well-nigh undreamed of.

I was only there seven weeks, and then was appointed by the Chief-of-the-Staff to the Italian corps in London, but the memories of that happy Association remain, having been strengthened by subsequent co-operation with the brave Field Commissioner on wider fields of alternate sunshine and storm.

GOD WILL NOT ACCEPT THE SOUL WITHOUT THE BODY.

WORK FOR THE MASTER'S CAUSE IS DROPPED WHEN THE TASTE FOR IT DISAPPEARS.

"Was any man ever so foolish as Pilate when he asked the sinner what to do with the saint?"

THOUGHTS FROM GREAT THINKERS.

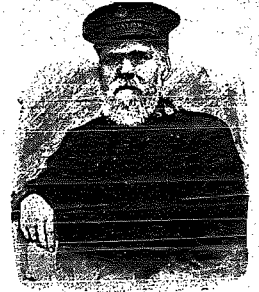
Give God Time.

Let us learn to give God time. God needs time with us.

REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

If we only give Him time, that is, time in the daily fellowship with Himself, for Him to exercise the full influence of His presence on us, and time, day by day, in the course of our being kept waiting, for faith to prove its reality and to fill our own being, He Himself will lead us from faith to vision; and we shall see the glory of God. Let no delay shake our faith. Of faith it holds good: first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Each believing prayer brings nearer the final victory. Each believing prayer helps to ripen the fruit, and brings us nearer to it, it fills up the measure of prayer and faith known to God alone, it conquers the hindrances in the unseen world, it hastens the end. Child of God, give the Father time. He is long-suffering over you. He wants the blessing to be rich and full and sure; give Him time while you cry day and night.

LIFE AND LABORS OF



James Doudle
COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

Farewells at Exeter Hall—Red-Jackets at Gibraltar—Kangaroo Land in Sight—Reception at Adelaide—Australia's First Convert—A Silver Wedding—Home Again.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT is not true of all who leave their native sphere, that they have left their country for their country's good.

When the Doudles left Enniskerry for Kangaroo Land, saint and sinner alike said, "We have lost friends!"

Their lives had been spent ungrudgingly on behalf of the people at home, and the memories they left behind were fragrant to thousands and tens of thousands up and down the country. Their Australian journey was an event in which many were interested.

They were at Portsmouth, where they had just concluded a successful campaign, when

The Little "Finsy" Reached Them,

summoning them to London to prepare for the voyage.

"We hurried to the house taken for us at Clapton," says the Commissioner, "and set up house-keeping for the space of three days; then we started on our twelve thousand miles' journey."

At the never-to-be-forgotten Two Days' Wish God, in the Exeter Hall, where 358 men and women

Sought a Boundless Salvation,

the Colonel, in a short farewell speech, assured his General that he might reckon on his integrity, and, at the same time, threatened to "start fighting as soon as he got on board the boat." Perhaps an extract from his "log" will best show how he carried out his intention—

"R.M.S. 'Oruba'."

"Friday, December 1st, 1893.—The first attack made by the enemy was on board the tender. I replied with a hot fire, which silenced that gun at once."

"Saturday, 2nd.—Arrived at Plymouth at mid-day. Left at 5:30. Commenced work for God by personal dealing. First, a Hindoo doctor, who said he was not a sinner. The second, a Scotch infidel—very hard and very clever. Slashed into him hot. He will get a shaking before he reaches Melbourne."

At Gibraltar, Colonel and Mrs. Doudle were met by Sergeant Frith—a Plymouth rowdy when the Doudles opened fire on that town, and now saved and in charge of the Salvation Army Soldiers' Home at Gibraltar. The Colonel was soon in his element—talking of and

Offering Salvation to the Red-Jackets,

seventeen of whom sought pardon at the penitential form.

"Now for the General's handkerchief!" cried the Sergeant.

"No, no!" from the Colonel. "It's safe in my trunk, ready for the first penitent in Australia, as the General intended."

At the "Two Days," already referred to, the General had endowed the Colonel with his own pocket-handkerchief, coupled with an injunction that it should be used to wipe the first penitent's tears in Australia.

The Doudles got their first glimpse of Australia January 6th, 1894. The reception meeting in Adelaide Town Hall was a good beginning. Two thousand people crowded the hall, and

Life's Rests.

There is no music in rest, but there is the making of music in it.

JOHN RUSKIN.

whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent, and our part missing in the music which ever goes to the ear of the Creator. How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unwavering count, and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not be dismayed at the rests.

—FIELD COMMISSIONER.

A WORD, A SONG, A PRAYER.

By Corps Correspondent W. A. Hawley, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

twenty-five sinners surrendered to God. Later on, thirty corps—representing some two thousand soldiers—gave the Spiritual Specials a public reception at Melbourne.

The Jubilee year found the Dowdies celebrating.

Their Silver Wedding.

In New South Wales, and four months after their arrival in Australia, they had visited three of the largest colonies in Australasia, and had held meetings in the largest centres. These meetings had been crowded, and there had been three thousand seekers at the penitent form.

Altogether, the Jubilee year was a record one for soldiers in Australia, and the Dowdies here, as elsewhere, made full proof of their ministry.

But what about the General's handkerchief?

The fame of it had preceded the Colonel, evidently. One night in a meeting in Adelaide, a tramp hopped cheerfully to the penitent form, and a few moments later stood to his feet, and, looking furtively at the Salvationist who approached him for the purpose of taking name and address, said, "Where's the General's handkerchief? I want it please."

"But I am an eye-witness to the fact that you have shed a tear," said Mrs. Dowdie. She had been watching for the first "penitent," but had not been deceived by the wretched scoundrel and she was, moreover, anxious that the handkerchief should fulfil its mission.

The Australians had received the Dowdies with great cordiality, and the thousands of Cornish folk settled in the Colonies hailed them as cordially as they would have welcomed a consignment of Cornish cream.

Rich spiritual harvests were being reaped on every hand; but when, at the end of two years and a few months, our comrades turned their faces towards the Old Country, everybody felt the wonderful victories gained had been achieved at the expense of much physical strength. The Colonel had suffered a good deal from the heat, and his over-strained voice called for a halt.

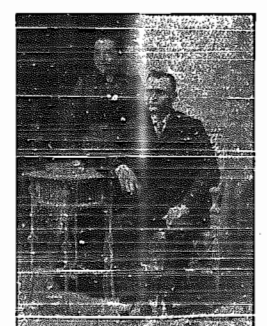
Towards the end of June, 1896, we find our comrades again on an Arctic high platform, on the occasion of General Missioner Combs' introduction to the British command, the same out-spoken, God-possessed officer as of yore. That evening he lost his title of Colonel, rather it was merged into the more honorable one of Commissioner.

Like a war-horse, the Commissioner sends the battle an legacy as ever, though to him the Night-watch is now appointed.

[THE END]

OUR LOCALS.

(Short Sketches.)



SERGT-MAJOR AND BRO. VICTORY
Houlton, Me.

Sergeant-Major Victory, of Houlton, Maine, got saved four years ago, but was unwilling to become a soldier. This brought condemnation and gloom in her experience. Then sickness laid her low, and she finally promised God if spared she would become a soldier.

Mrs. Victory has been an enrolled soldier for two years, was recently appointed Sergeant-Major. She can always be relied upon to fill her position to the best of her ability. She takes a great interest in the work of the corps, and can be reckoned upon to stand true.

Brother Victory was converted nine months ago, has not been enrolled yet, but we are believing to see him enrolled and in full uniform soon.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

A word I spoke for Jesus

A many years ago,

It was a cross, I here confess.

Yet from my heart, I vow

Upon a desert's barren plain,

Where none but vultures come, it fell,

And I my word had wasted.

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a thirsty one

Limped o'er the sand—he found my

word—

And thus refreshed he journeyed on,

And now my faith is working strong.

And I rejoice as none can tell.

A song I sang for Jesus

A many years ago,

With trembling lips and faltering voice,

But spirit all aglow.

Upon a mountain's rocky side,

Afar from man's abode it fell,

And I my song had wasted.

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a wearied one

Tolled faintly up—he found my song.

It cheered him and he reached the top,
And now my faith takes upward
bound,
And I rejoice as none can tell.

A prayer I prayed for Jesus

A many years ago,

With halting words I framed it,

But the Spirit bade it go

Away out on the ocean wild,

Where storms and darkness come, it

fell,

And I my prayer had wasted,

And I grieved as none can tell.

But yesterday a shipwrecked one

All weak and drowning grasped my

prayer:

It buoyed him up till succour came,

And faith's again triumphant, strong.

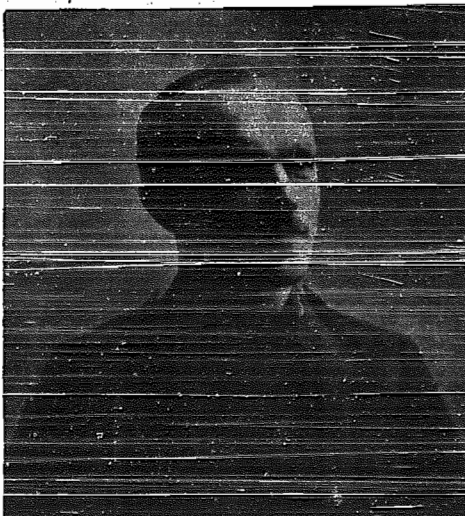
And I rejoiced as none can tell.

Trim your feeble lamp, my comrade,

Some poor sinner, tempest-tossed,

For your light but points the harbor.

Will not in the dark be lost.



MAJOR HORN, TRADE SECRETARY.

MAJOR HORN, TRADE SECRETARY.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

A PLACID-FACED, large-browed, imperturbable sort of individual is Major Horn, Miss Booth's Secretary for Trade affairs throughout the Canadian and North-West American Territory.

He has risen from the ranks. He came into the Army nine years ago, and after eight months of training and field service, he was appointed to the Financial Department of the Territorial Headquarters, with the rank of Lieutenant, from which he gradually rose step by step until, in December, 1897, when he received from the General himself, through the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, the announcement of his worth to the Army in the rank which he at present holds.

The Trade Secretary has several of the qualifications which, whether found in or out of the Army—other things being equal—guarantee success to a man.

1st.—**HE IS SOUND IN JUDGMENT.** One of the best proofs of this fact is that all his Trade schemes are a financial success.

2nd.—**HE IS A STEADY, PERSISTENT WORKER.** When he is at work, you never see Major Horn loafing or loitering about, or occupying himself with any other thing than the work he has come down to the office to do. It might be imagined that Major Horn has taken for his motto the famous saying of the Apostle Paul, "This one thing I do." Neither is he possessed of the hiring spirit which would count it a great hardship to prolong

the hours of work when the work demands it. He has been known to get down to his office morning after morning by 4 o'clock; and that in the intense cold of a Canadian winter, and to work until late at night. One month he averaged only four hours sleep per night. When work is to be done Major Horn may be depended on to do it. His is a rare up quality. It takes some people years to cultivate a moderate degree of it, but whoever has the natural faculty to do it and will cultivate it also, as Major Horn has done, is sure to rise by the momentum of his accomplishments to higher and more responsible positions in the Army, or in the world wherever his lot may be cast.

3rd.—**HE HAS POWER OF CONCENTRATION**—a very multiplicity of responsibility devolves upon him as Trade Secretary. To enumerate he has in his hands the following departments: (a) The Photo-Engraving; (b) The Printing House, with compositors' room and press room, employing 21 hands; (c) The War Cry and Young Soldier Despatch Department; (d) The Trading Department; (e) Branch in the general merchandise of the Army—the salt branch establishment at Barrie, London, Montreal, St. John N. E., St. John, Nfld., Winnipeg, Man., and Spokane, Wash.; (f) A Tea and Spice Selling Department in Toronto. All these the Major keeps running in good order, and none of them are a loss to the Army. Most, if not all, turn in a profit to the funds.

4th.—**HE IS METHODOICAL.** There might be added to this quality another, namely, the appreciation of the value of time, and yet perhaps it is out of this latter that the former arises. His

appreciation of the value of time is shown in his early rising. The man who can get up in the morning, gets such a start of the individual who can only just crawl out in time to be at his work, that there is no comparison between the two. Major Horn is an early riser. As for circumstances will permit, he retires at a regular hour, and throughout the day he works to time.

5th.—**HE IS KIND, COURTEOUS AND OBLIGING.** He may occasionally seem a little tight on finances, but then it is his business to be so, and verily there are some very poor spenders of money. And who would care in right and wise expenditure, is contributing thereby to the public weal, but even when objecting to such a modest request of the Editor's as a big 16 or 22 picture, the Trade Secretary will do so with such consideration that his battle is three quarters won by his very politeness. It must not be assumed that there is any "kissing of the blarney stone" about him. He is no flatterer. He is what the Bible instructs Salvationists to be—"Courteous."

6th.—**HE IS A SALVATIONIST.** His loves right, and gives plenty of evidence of loving God with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his strength, it be officers or employees, Major Horn has the respect and esteem of them all.

HOLY LIVING.

"JOHN-OF-GOD."

NEARLY four hundred years ago John Ciudad, eight years old, son of a Portuguese beggar, ran away and wandered into the hills of Spain, where a shepherd took pity on him and gave him food and shelter. He remained tending sheep for this sixteen years, or thereabouts, and twenty-four years of age, when he concluded he would enlist in the army.

John was probably as worthless a tenant as the world ever held. He drank, he lied, he was a coward and a thief. He was at last sentenced to death for stealing, but for some reason the sentence was commuted, and he was drummed out of the army.

For twenty-four years more he earned a miserable living as a shepherd, servant and a peddler, carrying plaster images from Granada to Gibraltar.

Suddenly, one day, when long past middle age, he was

Seized with Rapture

for his crimes, and was so frantic in his distress that he stopped on the street as a madman, until the Alcade put him in prison, ordering daily floggings to drive the devil out of him.

He was set free after a year, a ragged, starving and ignorant beggar; but from his experience in prison and elsewhere God had kindled in the soul of this man an everesting love and pity for the poor. He lived in the filthy alleys of Granada with homeless paupers, thieves and lepers, and sold fagots to the street boys and was most of the money which he thus received to feed these wretched people.

One day he noticed a placard, "House to Let," and he went to inquire. He rented the house for a month; begged, and succeeded in getting sufficient money to pay the rent and put up cots. He filled these with beggars suffering with incurable diseases, who were literally

Dying, Senseless on the Streets.

—Every morning he went out with a basket and begged food for them for the day, and going back to his hospital, worked alone in their service as cook, nurse and doctor.

As months passed the work of the man, together with his intense earnestness and self-sacrifice, attracted notice. The honesty of his purposes was apparent; that money and help were freely given to him. He opened free night-lodging houses long before a poor-house was known in England. Up to that time, on the continent, patients with broken limbs, fevers and contagious diseases were all crowded into the same place, while much suffering was being put into one bed. John Ciudad begged money enough to build houses with separate wards and beds for the patients of the most specialized hospital.

The idea spread through Southern Europe. Hospitals were founded by kings and nobles, and were acknowledged to the order of "John-of-God," as he was called, were the nurses.

Ciudad spent nearly half a century in visitation of the sick, and during that time he avowed, and in ten short years accomplished this great work for his brother man.

HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

A MESSAGE FOR A KING.

1 Samuel viii. 1-22.
Samuel's Bad Sons.

UNFORTUNATELY good fathers do not always have good sons, and it was so in Samuel's case. When he got old he made his sons judges in his place, but they did wrong, and, instead of putting righteous judgment, meanly took bribes and gave unjust verdicts.

Make Us a King.

It was not long before the Children of Israel began to murmur again—they were the greatest grumblers on earth. This time their plea was for a king—they were not satisfied with the present order of things. They seemed to be continually forgetting the goodness of God, and the wonderful deeds with them and the miracles wrought on their behalf.

God's Patience.

Samuel was very displeased at this request of the people, but he had learned to take his troubles to God, and tell Him in prayer all about them. When perplexed with the wicked ways of the world, his only safe refuge in communion with God.

God showed Samuel that the murmurs of the people were not because they had got tired of their judges, but because they were not satisfied to have only the King of Kings as their monarch. Yet, though the sin was really against Himself, how patient is God with the people!

The Lord told Samuel that He would give the people the desire of their hearts, even though it might be a foolish one, that they should learn by practical experience for what they were asking. But the Lord told Samuel that he was to warn the people of the difficulties they would get into if they had a king.

Samuel Speaks Straight.

Samuel gave the Israelites a terrible picture of the results which the setting up of an earthly throne in their midst would bring. With his usual unerring faithfulness he showed also how that when they got tired of their king and cried to God for his removal that God would not hear them and that their repentance would come too late.

The Israelites are Obstinate.

Despite all the wise and solemn warnings of Samuel, whose words they had for many years found to be so good and true, the people would not take his advice. They still cried for a king, that they might be like other nations. This in itself was a sinful wish, for God had set them aside to be a people for Himself, different from all other tribes and peoples. There is always danger ahead when God's children want to copy the world, instead of being like the world, copying its follies and fashions. God wants His people to be separate—cities set on hills—lights that cannot be hid.

Final Decision.

Again Samuel went to the Lord to tell Him the sad story of his failure to win the people of their folly, and the Lord told him that he was to give way to their desire. So Samuel took the first steps towards getting them to lead by leading by their own evil. Here once more we see the implicit obedience of the grand old prophet. He could not see the wisdom of the dealing of the Lord; yet he did not quibble or question, but carried out the command at once. It is always best and most profitable to do as God wishes. He doeth all things well.

QUESTIONS.

1. What kind of sons had Samuel, and what did they do as judges?
2. What did the Children of Israel next murmur for?
3. What wise thing did Samuel allow to do when in trouble or perplexity?
4. What did God say was the real reason of the people's strange request?
5. Why did God give the people their desire?
6. What kind of words did Samuel speak to the people, and with what result?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Samuel prayed unto the Lord."

You can't bury character in the grave.

Death does not end all, but it decides all.

Before faith can rest it must stand the test.

[Our Serial.]

EVELYN'S VICTORY.

By BRIGADIER COMPTON.

CHAPTER I.

NE sharp, frosty night some years ago a number of bright, happy, and well-dressed young people, with their skates dangling from their fingers, or slung across one shoulder, were tripping daintily and gaily down the street of a busy manufacturing town in Yorkshire, intent on spending a jovial hour or two at the skating rink.

They were the young people engaged in the millinery and dress-making establishment of Ferguson Lee Brothers, and were in the habit of shaking off the drowsiness produced by a day spent behind the counter, or in the work room, with a wild spin round on the ice, which brought up the blood to cheeks and lips and helped to make them both ready for sleep and the duties of the morrow. They were Sunday School and Church-going young people too, and held in general respect by the community.

Amongst the group, and the youngest of them all, was Evelyn Steadfast. She was only fifteen years of age, but was wise beyond her years, and on account of her surpassing beauty combined with a sincere and open-hearted disposition was a general favorite.

They had not proceeded far down one of the streets leading to a suburb

the middle of the ring singing a song. There was a strange look, a look as of refined joy, a something of an inward peace which seemed to make itself apparent even in the glinted face amongst the little band of solers, a something which Evelyn had not noticed so particularly in any faces before. Some of their countenances were unusually lightened, and, as Evelyn fixed her big, dark eyes upon the young girls who stood there, she felt within herself that they were truly the people of God. An indefinable yearning moved through her spirit, as if a breeze from the hills of glory had been wafted across her path, and standing there she longed to be like those Salvation girls.

Horace Bright, the manager of the establishment of Ferguson Lee Brothers, gave Evelyn a light touch and roused her from her reverie, begging her at the same time to come along, the others were all waiting and did not want to stop and listen to that eccentric lot of people.

Evelyn replied, "No; I'm not going skating to-night."

He persuaded; but there was a strength in the character of the young girl, which, while not ordinarily apparent on her face, was nevertheless, very much so when she had made

self with all dignity when occasion demanded; she was Evelyn's champion too, and for this reason a speech like Mr. Bright's would have been sufficient to arouse her, but she almost adored her sister Evelyn; it was no wonder then, that not comprehending exactly what Horace Bright intended to convey, she replied in tones that were unusually sharp and decided: "How dare you speak of my sister in that way, Mr. Bright?" whereupon the manager had nothing to do but to stand right by explaining that Evelyn had joined that Salvation Army set, and was mixing herself up with them, to the horror of all her old acquaintances. Did she not know that the girls were all infamous characters who had been dragged down from the streets of the town? were much about on a par with the women—low-lived and ignorant? It was now Horace's turn to speak. Her pride was dreadfully humbled; it was so shocking to think of; she would see Evelyn, she said, she could not understand that, but could not help thinking that, if it were true, anyway she would find out, and there would have to be no more of it.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was war in the household of the Steadfasts. It was only too true; Evelyn had actually been to the penitent form of the Salvation Army, and, horror of horrors, had positively been marching in the street with them; it was too awful. The Steadfasts were a family of seven, excluding Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast, but all the family except Hattie and Evelyn were married or living away from home.

Ralph, Evelyn's brother, a stalwart young fellow of about twenty-two, came in one day in a lowering rage, looking for Evelyn. Some of his acquaintances had twisted him about his shoulders, Evelyn joining the hallooing lasses. It was a fearful blow to his pride to think that his sister should demean herself to mix up with the low-down crowd, and he intended to fetch her out of it, and catching sight of poor Evelyn, he rushed up to her and clutched her by the shoulders in his big hands, and shook her something like a terrier might shake a rat, which he intended the next moment to despatch.

"You silly little thing," he said fiercely, "I'll shake the life out of you if you don't leave off going to the Salvation Army. I'll kill you, that I will. I'd rather see you dead than mixed up with them."

This was only one of the collisions Evelyn had. Her stately married sisters gave her the benefit of their advice. Her father and mother, most strenuously opposed her going to the Army, and used all their influence to keep her back home. Her mother, who was unconverted, was especially antagonistic. Her father was the least bitter of them all, for he was a Christian, although he had not laid Evelyn on the altar, neither did he at all understand what the Salvation Army really was. Lastly, Hattie, who her gentle shock her something like a terrier might shake a rat, which he intended the next moment to despatch.

Things gradually grew worse. Hattie and Evelyn both occupied the same bed in the same room, but for months and months they never spoke to each other. Evelyn, bit by bit, left off her jewelry, and her other little personal adornments of that nature, and with Salvation Army insignia. She even went so far as to put an Army band around her hat; this was torture unendurable to her.

There was some inkling at the corps of the trouble Evelyn Steadfast had to endure on account of her conduct. The course she had pursued was right, and on one occasion a Salvation Army officer had the temerity to approach her in the street, and, after stating with the intention of visiting the family and explaining matters somewhat, and so something Evelyn's path.

She only got partially through the door-way when he was glad to beat a retreat, and carried with him such a report of the family troubles that the Salvation Army officers for some considerable time left that family severely alone, so far as personal visits went.

At last Hattie succeeded in inducing Evelyn to miss going to a few of the Salvation Army meetings, and substituted in their place Sunday School and church meetings.

The plan succeeded very well until Hattie and Evelyn were tripping home together one evening. Evelyn suddenly remembered that it was holiness meeting night, and she had a particular love for those Army meetings. She remembered that she had much good; so she said she must go to this one, and ran off before Hattie could hold her back.

(To be continued.)



MRS. MAJOR HORN.

of the city before their attention was attracted by the sound of a drum. Looking in the direction from which the sound came, they saw the now-familiar sight of a group of Salvation lads and lasses, red-garmented men, and pokebonneted women, with a standard-bearer holding the yellow, red and blue flag aloft.

In the days that I write of, the Army was not nearly so well understood as at present, and the stationers at the best, generally speaking, were looked upon as a mad-brained set of religious cranks who spent their time bawling and shouting hymns about the streets, and generally bringing the cause of true religion into disrepute by their extraordinary antics and fanatical business. Notwithstanding which, they pleased to call their religion. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that these young people, falling into the very common error of passing judgment upon merely hearsay evidence, laughed superciliously at the sight and passed disparaging remarks between each other upon the little group of Salvationists who were holding forth to the usual motley crowd which is to be found on the streets of a British manufacturing town.

Childhood is the emblem of innocence, and whether it be that her heart was still more tender, and susceptible to Divine influences than the others, we cannot say, but certainly Evelyn was strongly attracted by the novel sight, which, for the first time, met her gaze. A young Army ladle was standing in

up her mind about anything, consequently the group of young people went off and left her, and she, scarcely knowing why, yet attracted by something about the Salvationists, had she could not describe, followed the march to the Army hall.

CHAPTER II.

EVELYN, as may be imagined, seeing she was the darling of her family, as well as the pet of her sister and the young people at Ferguson Lee Brothers, had been in the habit of having pretty much of her way, and hitherto, her relatives had seen no reason for seeking to curb her in any particular way, for her disposition was lovable and obedient, and her elder sister Hattie had only to talk to Evelyn in the very motherly way she could so admirably assume to way she could so admirably assume to induce Evelyn to do whatever she was asked, but on the third occasion that Evelyn visited the little Salvation Army barracks a new power was introduced into her life, which caused her to begin to run directly counter to all the family traditions, and brought her into conflict more or less, with every member of the family.

"You'll have to look after that young sister of yours, Miss Steadfast, or she'll be getting a real trouble," said Horace Bright to Evelyn's sister one morning, after business had commenced.

Miss Hattie Steadfast could arm her

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

MUSIC arranged for voice, we're crowning out (H.M.S. chorodist) Words by the late

1. Saviour, I know Thou lovest me
2. Saviour, I know Thou lovest me
3. O God, I am not let him go, M

(And when all through)

and evermore (im)
are complete (im)
it is not of this

Un-loose the chains that bind my heart, And let Thy spirit be
O, wash me, cleanse my soul from guilt, Thou Lamb of God who
And give me, O Lord, Thy grace, Thy grace, Thy grace, Thy grace

Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me
Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me
Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me
Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me, Thou lovest me

Save your, know Thou lovest me

Thou lovest me, I know Thou lovest me, I know

O Lord, I know Thou lovest me, O Lord I know Thou lovest me

Crucifixion passed by on the other side, too intent on their pleasures or their business to give a look on the sufferer. He was alone, without any pitying sympathy for them. Here is the Roman soldier who thrust the spear into his friend's side. He had been pained enough himself, but he did not care to be caught by hearing him tell his experience in his mother tongue. Here are the two very friends who were so close together in the garden, now separated as far as light and lantern, led on by Judas, arrested at the Victim in the Garden. Not far from here we see the soldiers who were sent to guard the Master's dead life away; here are two or three of the same soldiers, one of whom was Pilate, in the early hours of that fatal morning: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" Crucifixion! His blood besprinkled us all, and changed our hearts. It is the man who, amidst the jeering laughter of the Jews, put the bleeding reed in his hand and spat in it. The busy Pharisee, the Sadducee, the sinner yonder, smiting his breast, and asking the question, "Can I ever be saved?" Here is the Sadducee who wanted Him in a verbal controversy with the question: "He saved

Pentecost

HEAVEN.

GENERAL.

describe it. It must have been heard, and heard under the thrillingly exciting circumstances of the hour, to be understood, much more to be appreciated.

The Effects.

"And the effects—yes, the effects. I stood and watched the faces of the crowd so far as my eyes could observe them. I do not know how Calaphas, the High Priest, felt, although he was pointed out to me as listening on the fringe of the crowd, neither could I tell what the feelings were of Pilate's wife

us before the Authorities, were actually on their knees asking to become Soldiers with us, and what they must do to receive the Salvation which we published and for which our Master died."

Here my informant ceased speaking. Some celestial duty called him away. On my attempting to express my gratitude for his great kindness, he embraced me, bade me be faithful, and then, with an entrancing smile of pleasing anticipation, said, "We shall meet again," and disappeared.

But though he had ceased speaking, I could not prevent my imagination carrying me forward in this review of the events of that marvellous day.

What a penitent form that must have been! While I write, I think I see the excited assemblage and hear their self-condemnations, and cries for mercy, and promises of faithfulness, if that mercy only can be given.

The Crowd and Converts.

Look at that marvellous crowd! Was there ever such a motley throng at the Mercy Seat before? Can there ever be such a crowd again? Here are a number of the class so common in all ages—the Indifferentists who, at the

others, Himself. He cannot save a while in and out and all among the crowd are to be seen Backsliders, the people who followed Him in prosperity, but who—when He came to speak of the sufferings and death that awaited Him at Jerusalem—forgot His cause and left Him to His fate.

The Discipline had a busy time that day. They began early and finished up late. The healing of those wounded souls was no easy task; but it was quite as important, if not exactly as difficult a task as the wounding of them. Still, they persevered, and, one by one, the penitents came into liberty; and when the prisoners, so gloriously and unexpectedly captured, were counted up, it was found that they amounted to the wonderful number of Three Thousand. I don't know whether any capacious person in those days complained of the number of converts; but, if they did, the inspired historian was not deterred by their objections from writing it down in a record that will remain forever.

THE GENERAL IN SWEDEN.

Thirteenth Congress a Great Success

113 Penitents in the Open-Air—267 at the Mercy Seat in all.

(Special Wire.)

EVERYBODY JUBILANT OVER SWEDEN'S THIRTEENTH CONGRESS.

BLESSED COUNCILS; TRIUMPHANT FIELD DAY; LARGEST FLEET AND BIGGEST CROWDS; GRANDEST MARCH; BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENTS.

HIGH TIDE OF ENTHUSIASM. THE GENERAL INSPIRED; 113 PENITENTS IN THE OPEN-AIR. FINAL AT THE MERCY SEAT, 267.

COMMISSIONERS HOWARD B. BOOTH-HILBERG AND OLIPHANT ASSISTING. HALLELUJAH!—Lawley.

The Commissioner's Tour

WITH THE CYCLING BRIGADE IN WEST ONTARIO.

WOODSTOCK, FRIDAY, JULY 29. STRATFORD, SUNDAY, JULY 31. BERLIN, MONDAY, AUGUST 1. GUELPH, TUESDAY, AUGUST 2. HESPELDER, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3. GALT, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4.

THE VERY LATEST.

THE KLONDIKE CONTINGENT OPENS FIRE AT DAWSON CITY.

(By Wire.)

WE have held our first meeting. It proved a more powerful attraction than the saloon and dance hall—the latter were comparatively deserted. The miners nocked round the Flag and gave good attention. We took up our first collection in gold dust on June 25th, and the total amount was \$65. The Press is very favorable. We have received the greatest affection from everybody. We are all well in health, tip-top in spirits, and red-hot in souls. I am despatching further news by post. Give our love to all at Headquarters.—Adjutant Dowell.

The above wire received at the Territorial Centre to-day (July 10th) caused general excitement and great joy. The Field Commissioner is especially delighted to

THE CHANGES AT TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS.

It seems another evidence of the untiring energy which is perhaps one of the Army's chief characteristics that just at the moment when the summer's excessive heat would suggest an almost inevitable slackening, Territorial Headquarters has been stirred up by an upheaval of new appointments, and my own hands exceptionally full with their arrangement. The thrilling record of this week's Gazette shows that three of the most prominent officers at the Territorial Centre have received orders from our honored General to lay down the old tasks and take up new.

A move which concerns so important a department as the War Cry and so trusty an officer as its Editor-in-Chief will touch the entire Field. During the five years that Brigadier General Read held the reins of the Editorial Department, he has served the interests of his weighty position with undaunted zeal, whole-souled devotion and skill, which has enabled him to lift the prestige of this paper to the front ranks of religious literature, which the public press of the country has not been slow to repeatedly and flatteringly recognize. But as his leader I am proud to say that I can personally testify to the fact that Brigadier Com-

plins first and main object has been to make the pages of the War Cry direct blessing and salvation to the soul, rather than of mere interest to the mind. The Field will rejoice that in taking up the duties of his new position he will, as General Secretary, be drawn into closer touch with the officers and corps than heretofore. One of the distinguishing features of his Editorship has been the preference which he has ever shown to the special requirements of the Field, and the bonds of sympathy and mutual help forged by such consideration will be strengthened to much blessed result to the war at large, in the filling of the many necessities of his new and influential position. The oversight of the Auxiliary Department, left vacant by Brigadier Read's lengthened furlough to England on account of ill-health, also comes under Brigadier Complin's direction. His well-known courtesy, and general adaptability for intercourse with the Army's outside friends and sympathizers will here stand him in good stead and ensure success.

That the present farewell should include that of Brigadier Gaskin will be a source of keen interest to all readers to those who have had the advantage of his organization and detailed faithfulness in the post of General Secretary. Every officer on Territorial Headquarters will be glad to learn that the claims of his new appointment will not necessitate the Brigadier's removal from Toronto. It will, on the other hand, bring him into more immediate connection and wider scope of opportunity to benefit the city and the Province. The Brigadier's peculiar power of concentration of practical endeavor will be especially suited to the exceptional needs of his new command. The intricacies of the

Province demand the engineering of an able hand and wise judgment; that these will be amply supplied in the leadership of the new P. O. is one who knows Brigadier Gaskin will have any disposition to doubt. The Brigadier is not relinquishing his responsibilities in connection with the Social Farm. He retains control of the institution whose many developments and improvements successfully carried through during the past year are indications of his competent guidance during that time.

Brigadier Friedrich's promotion at this opportune moment will be a welcome announcement; he is no stranger to the many calls which will immediately encircle him when he seats himself in the chair of office in the Editorial Department. Although the varied appointments which he has filled on this battlefield have not allowed one of direct responsibility for matters literary, his powerful and gifted contributions to our literature are full of evidence convincing of his singular capabilities for the position to which he is now appointed. His general knowledge will give him no small insight into the needs and tastes of his widely-differing audience of readers, and his out-and-out Salvationism will be the best qualification for catering for such through the columns of the War Cry. The Brigadier's artistic attainments speak as promisingly for the future as his position in the War Cry as his able pen productions for the literary.

It is with much sorrow to myself personally that I am compelled to announce that the health of Brigadier Read continues in such serious condition as to make it necessary for him to leave immediately for a lengthened furlough in England, there to undergo a course of treatment of a nature, and under such congenial circumstances as would be practically impossible to arrange in this country; and for which International Headquarters have very generously and kindly made exceptional facilities.

I know too well the high esteem and warm affection which has been extended to the Brigadier by his comrades officers and soldiers on the Field to question but that the most tender sympathy will be given him, and the most fervent prayers will be offered on his and dear Mrs. Read's behalf, that the new means adopted will be effective in bringing about the Brigadier's complete and permanent recovery, and that during his absence Mrs. Read should be continually comforted and strengthened by an exceptional consciousness of His ever-living love and unchanging care for His own.

I, who have the pleasure of handing the appointments to the Brigadiers mentioned, have some idea of the burning ambition with which each step to their new post, and on their behalf I venture to promise that all service such fully-abandoned men can give, will be rendered to the war.

(Sgd.) EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

hear of the safe arrival and splendid start of the Expedition from which and for which she has hoped so much. She is strong in confidence that this brilliant beginning is but the promise of mighty triumphs won for God and the Flag in Alaska yet to come.

"You labor hard to get the old toughs saved, why not begin at the other end.—A. J. S. Secretary.

"Let's go in for lots of prevention.—A. J. S. Secretary.

"It is always helpful to tell people how you are getting on. You can't all the old into everybody's wheels you can.—Field Commissioner.

"Try the song, 'Grace is Flowing,' to the old tune for 'Where is now the good Elijah.'"

"Gadder up de young lambs, put 'em in yo' bosom, only let de ole sheep go," is how a J. S. Secretary recently expressed himself in an officers' council.

"I appreciate the Canadian War Cry very much."—Colonel John Lawley.

"The Social Gazette Staff now comprises Brigadier Harding, Captain Nixon, writer of 'Dad Blosk,' and Mr. A. G. Bladen.

"Brigadier Harding, Editor of the Social Gazette, has been very poor out of sorts, physically, lately. He says he can't ride a bicycle, ride a wonderfully good thing to keep one in decent health.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

MUSIC BY THE REV. J. H. GRAMM.

I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

On-love the chains that bind my heart, And let Thy Spirit enter, O, such me, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, I, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Lead me, O Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Lead me, O Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Lead me, O Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Lead me, O Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me, Saviour, I know Thou lovest me.

tele affair, and I could see conviction gradually expressing itself on the faces of almost every one within the circle of my vision. That conviction grew deeper and deeper as Peter proceeded who, veiled, was later surrounded and hidden by a group of Guards. But the human countenance is a tell-tale when he came to the declaration that the Great Father was going to bring good out of the evil committed, and that, instead of sending the whole nation to destruction, He was going to prolong the days of their visitation, and make this Christ whom they had murdered the Author of temporal and everlasting Salvation to them and to their children, if at this late hour they would believe on Him, tears began to flow in all directions, hearts broke, and multitudes fell on their knees with the cry, "What must we do to be saved?"

The day had been a succession of surprises, and now, here was the greatest of all. Here were men who had murdered our Lord; who, we had been told over and over again, would murder us if we mentioned His name in public; who had cursed us from the commencement of the campaign, instead of proceeding to hate

Crucifixion, passed by on the other side, too intent on their pleasures or their business, to give a look on the Christ who, at that very moment, was dying for them. Here in the Roman Soldier who thrust the spear into his victim's side. He had been pounced upon in the street by some disciple, and caught by hearing him tell his experience in his mother tongue. Here to one of the very Friends who were foremost in the mob that, with staves and lanterns, led on by Judas, arrested their Victim in the Garden. Not far from him knelt one of those false witnesses who, bribed for the occasion, swore the Master's dear life away. Here sat two of those who were roughs who shrieked in the car of Pilate, in the early hours of that fatal morning: "Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" He bowed upon us and upon our children!" Why, there in the man who, amidst the jeering laughter of the Jews, put the mocking reed in his hand and spat in His blessed face! Look at that man kneeling yonder, smiting his breast, and asking the question, "Can I ever be forgiven?" That is the Sadducee who taunted Him in His very death agony with the question: "He saved

AMID CHANGE UNCHANGING!

Despite Good-Byes and Welcomes Our Readers Keep at It—Another Increase in this Week—Magrave Leads the Field—Southall Second—Bennett Third.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 222; SALES, 2,222.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Southern Section.

Hustlers, 53. — | Sales, 1,789.

Sister Correll, Temple	110
Cand. Young, Temple	70
Sister Mellock, Temple	65
Mrs. Skeddien, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	58
Sister Pearce, Temple	58
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	57
Ensign Cox, Bowmanville	55
Cadet Winter, Richmond	52
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	50
Bro. Dixon, Temple	48
Mary Jones, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	48
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	45
Lieut. Waide, Riverside	43
S.-M. Bowers, Lisgar	40
Sister Freen, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	40
C. Grant, Dovercourt	40
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott T. G.	39
Cadet Stoller, Riverview	39
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Ontario	37
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	34
S.-M. Bowbeer, Lisgar	32
Capt. Jones, Brampton	29
S.-M. Beall, St. Catharines	28
Cadet Craig, Lippincott T. G.	27
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott T. G.	26
Bro. Case, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	25
Bro. Gilks, Yorkville	25
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	25
Sergt. Ida Murdoch, Lisgar	25
Sergt. Mary Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Cadet Tracey, Lippincott T. G.	24
Cadet Stickle, Lippincott T. G.	23
Cadet Horwood, Lippincott T. G.	22
Lieut. Pencock, Yorkville	22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	21
Lieut. Jackson, Ontario	21
S.-M. Powers, Bowmanville	21
Bro. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	20
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	20
Sister E. Price, Dovercourt	20
Sister Locke, Temple	20
Capt. Hart, Lisgar	20
Capt. White, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	19
Sergt. Minnie Stickle, Lisgar	19
Cadet Bech, Richmond	19
Cadet Huskinson, Lippincott T. G.	18
Carrie Brass, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	18
Cadet Edwards, Richmond	17
Joie Lightheart, Hamilton	15
Cand. Kempe, Temple	15
Sister F. Smith, Dovercourt	15
Mrs. Davey, Yorkville	15

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 49. —	— Sales, 2,130.
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Capt. Heiman, London	182
Lieut. Benny, Brantford	130
Ensign M. Collett, Stratford	110
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	90
Ensign Outaway, Petrolia	90
Sergt. M. McDougall, Goderich	74
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	65
Sergt. Mrs. Butts, London	65
Sergt. Gerrie Yeomans, Chatham	60
Lieut. T. Hodgson, Strathroy	60
Capt. Cox, Petrolia	53
Capt. Gibson, Wallaceburg (av. 2 wks)	53
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	46
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	40
Sister Myrtle Crawford, Guelph	40
Adjt. Coombs, London (av. 3 wks)	37
Lieut. Judson, Bothwell	35
Capt. Dowell, Bothwell	35
Sister Fritchley, Listowel	30
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	30
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	30
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	30
Bro. F. Jackson, Strathroy	27
Capt. H. Liston, Drayton	25
Sister Lulu Kitchen, Chatham	25
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	25
Cand. Witlong, Hespeler	25
Cand. Brown, Hespeler	25
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	25
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	25
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	25
Capt. L. Halsey, Stratford	24
Sergt. Dearding, Hespeler	22
Capt. Barker, Hespeler	22
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	20
Capt. Florrie Sole, Guelph	20
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	20
Sister S. May, Drayton	19
Lieut. Gatzke, Listowel	18
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	17
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	17
S.-M. Mrs. Reek, Chatham	16
Cand. Edwards, Stratford	15
Mrs. Reynolds, Brantford	15
Capt. Burton, Listowel	15
Sister M. Haldan, Strathroy	15

EAST ONTARIO.

Huntlers, 34. — — Sales, 1,795.	
Ensign Walker, Belleville	170
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	150
Capt. Greene, Gananoque	110
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II.	97
Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee	85

Sergt. Perkins, Barre (av. 3 wks)	85
Ada Hayes, Napanee	70
Bro. Rodgers, Montreal I.	63
Lieut. Larimore, Brockville (av. 3 wks)	63
Capt. Connors, Port Hope	63
Lieut. Randall, Montreal (av. 2 wks)	57
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	56
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	50
Lieut. E. Owen, Brighton	50
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	50
Lieut. Baron, St. Albans	50
Lieut. Doris, Deseronto	48
Lieut. LaLoe, Pembroke	45
Ensign Parker, Quebec	43
Sergt. Thistle, Montreal IV.	40
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	34
John Rogers, Barre	30
Bro. C. Hursey, Barre (av. 3 wks)	30
Mother Lewis, Montreal I.	30
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	30
Sister M. Crozier, Montreal I.	27
Capt. Vance, Montreal I.	27

Mrs. Fairford, Brockville	25
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II.	25
Sergt. Root, Belleville	25
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton	20
Sister S. Spooner, Barre (av. 3 wks)	14
Mary White, Brockville (av. 3 wks)	15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 28	Sales, 1,400.
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	171
Minnie Smith, Windsor	170
S.-M. Cuthbertson, Moncton	100
George Corbin, St. George's, Ber.	88
(av. 2 wks)	88
Lieut. Miller, Digby	70
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	60
Capt. W. Stepler, Houlton	60
Capt. Ryan, Kentville	55
Sergt. Nettie Roberts, St. George's	50
Sergt. Moore, Windsor	50
Sergt. Maggie Holden, Windsor	50
Lieut. Lillie Richards, Sussex	46
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg	45
(av. 2 wks)	43
Lieut. B. Sparks, Houlton	40
Sister Horton, Moncton	33
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham	32
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	28
Capt. England, Amherst	27
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	26
Mother England, Chatham	26
Sister McFarlane, Moncton	26
Capt. Annie Hutt, Sussex	23
Cand. Grogart, Amherst	21
(Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin (av. 2 wks)	20

Capt. Bradbury, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Yardine, Woodstock	15
Lieut. M. McLeod, Prince Albert	15
Lieut. McLeod, Amherst	15

NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 14. —	Sales, 522.
Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton	85
Capt. LeDrew, Brandon (av. 2 wks)	65
Lieut. M. McLeod, Prince Albert	65
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie	40
Bro. Ammann, Portage la Prairie	40
Capt. Wilkie, Rat Portage	30
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	30
Lieut. Anderson, Larimore	27
Sergt. Deffenbach, Larimore	25
Sergt. M. McKee, Edmonton	25
Cadet Forsberg, Rat Portage	20
Junior Cadet Sarah Smith, Keewatin	20
Cand. McKee, Neepawa	20
Bro. Dave Reuse, Neepawa	20
Lieut. N. Anderson, Minnedosa	15
Lieut. Kennir, Rat Portage	15

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 9. —	— 1 Sales, 576.
Sister Lewis, Victoria	110
Lieut. Ziebarth, Livingston (av. 2 wks)	100
Esther Glen, Helena	95
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	90
Mrs. Adjt. Barr, New Whatcom.	85
Lieut. Gain, Sheridan	80
Treas. Mary Bury, New Whatcom.	50
Annie Sutherland, Helena	20
Sister Allison, Helena	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Northern Section.

Hustlers, 9. —	— Sales, 312.
Sergt. Miles, Barrie	40
Sister Terry, Lindsay	40
Sergt. Courtemanche, Kinnmount ..	35
Capt. Charlton, Pary Sound	35
Sister Ward, Kinnmount (av. 2 wks)	30
Bro. Gray, Midland	30
Mrs. Mirtland, Wiarton	25
Capt. O'Neil, Huntsville	25
Lieut. S. J. Meeks, Wiarton	25

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 5. —	— Sales, 215.
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns	60
Sister Fisher, St. Johns	45
Louisa Rowe, St. Johns	45
Lieut. Stickland, Harbor Grace ...	41
Sister Smith, St. Johns	24

TRADE DEPARTMENT

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THE TRADE SECRETARY

TORONTO

COMING EVENTS

LOOK OUT FOR THE VICTORIA

BRIGADIER MARGRETT

Fredericton, July 30, St. John I, August 1, 2—Aug. 2, 2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; half-night of prayer from 8 to 11. St. John August 3, St. John III, August 4, Digby, August 5, Yarmouth, August 6, 7, Bear River, August 8, Annapolis, August 9, Windsor, August 10, St. John August 11, Halifax I, August 12—2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; half night of prayer from 8 to 11 p. m. Halifax II, August 12, Halifax I, August 13, New Glasgow, August 15, 16—Aug. 16 2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; united half night of Prayer from 8 to 11 p.m.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENGLISH ANDREWS—Hamilton: I, July 30, 31; Hamilton I, August 1, 2; Dundas, August 3; Oakville, August 4.

CAPTAIN COLLIER—Weymouth, August 1; Petrolia, August 2, 4; Glenora, August 3; Forest, August 5; Thedford, August 6, 7; Watford, August 8; Keewauwinistik, August 9; Strathroy, August 10; London, August 11, 12; Stratford, August 13, 14; Mitchell, August 15; Seaton, August 15.

ENGLISH CUMMINS—Calgary, August 3-5; Lethbridge, August 6-8; Wainwright, August 10-12; Minnedosa, August 13-15; Neepawa, August 12-15; Winnipeg, August 18.

HAVE YOU READ

all about the

JOURNEYNINGS OF THE KLOON-DIKE CONTINGENT

now

APPEARING IN THE YOUNG SOLDIER

By Captain Bloss.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Southern Section.

Start-Capt. Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,280.

Oshawa.—Jesus does answer prayer. Praise God! In Sunday night two prodigals acknowledged their wrong and promised to follow God. Hallelujah! "Oshawa for Jesus!" shall be our battle-cry.—Eunle, Corps Cor.

Temple.—Fair crowds at inside meet-

ings. Largest attendance of soldiers at open-air, and ONE HUNDRED increase in our War Cry sales. Sister Correll sold over one hundred on the streets—and all Jesus-a-salms and hotels. Captain Minnie Goldberg from Uxbridge, led our Saturday night meeting, also the holiness meeting on Sunday morning, being a old soldier of our corps. Two souls came out on Sunday night.—F. Zurhorst.

EAST ONTARIO

Brigadier Bennett.] [Crys, 5,562.

Peterboro.—Ensign Kerr, after a stay of eleven months, has received orders to farewell, and like a good soldier, she obeys cheerfully. The Ensign is worthy of great praise for the work she has done in the Peterboro corps. She has had a nice quarters built and furnished and at the present the corps is almost clear of debt. Praise God! God has also used her in bringing many precious souls to Him. The Ensign enrolled three recruits on Sunday afternoon. May God keep them true, God bless the Ensign, and may He use her in leading many more sinners to Him.—Sergt. May Lang.

Brookville.—Adjutant Blackburn paid his farewell visit to Brockville corps on Tuesday. Three recruits came in as soldiers. One of our latest converts was a dear fellow under the influence of strong drink, for whom God did a great work. One week has now gone by since his conversion and he is still praising God. He brought one of his old chums to the hall this week, who also sought salvation.—W. H. Burrows.

Cornwall.—Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have gone on, having been here over a year. They had got a warm place in the hearts of the Cornwall and Mills Roches comrades and friends. God bless them! The cream social Saturday night a success. Farewell meetings all day Sunday. Good Holy Ghost time at Mills Roches. Comrades in all day. We had an ex-Captain, now a Reverend Gentleman, at night, and some Indian brothers and sisters. Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn have sown some good seed faithfully. We believe the harvest will be great.—Sergeant-Major L. Manson.

WEST ONTARIO

Major Southall.] [Crys, 5,282.

Wetzel.—Yesterday, farewell Sunday. God in our midst. Two enrolled in afternoon and two dedicated at night.—Fred Burton, Captain.

Wilmington.—On Saturday and Sunday we had a visit from Staff-Captain Phillips, of London, who did good work for the Master.—Scott Cowan, R. C.

Ridgetown.—Last week we had a visit from Captain Collier with his magic lantern, showing "The Torn Bible," and "Jessica's First Prayer," which were much appreciated. The "summer devil" is engaging our attention, but we are in to win.—McLeod, F. O.

Blenheim.—On Sunday officers farewell and presented a new flag to the corps. Comrades pledged fidelity under the new flag. Long may it wave. The new flag has been in service over five months and has done good service. Good crowds. Finances doubled.—Ina Groom, for Ensign Haynor and Lieutenant Cass.

Clinton.—Tuesday evening we held a lawn social. Over \$20 was taken. Praise God! Saturday night one soul in the Fountain who had never been converted before, but for him old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.—Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

St. Thomas.—Hallelujah! Two out for the blessing of a clean heart on Sunday morning. Quite an interesting time at the open-air meeting on Sunday evening, when the police ordered us to move away, but as we were about our Father's business we did not flinch. The devil is mad so we are sure of victory.—H. Freeman.

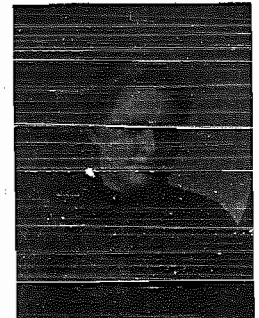
COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS AT GUELPH.

Guelph.—Saturday evening good turnout of comrades at the depot to welcome Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs. Sunday all day, blessed meetings. Splendid crowd at the Park. \$2.00 collection. Good crowd at night, the Colonel and his wife speaking with much power. Candidate Crawford farewelled for the Training Garrison, and among the penitents in the prayer meeting was her father, making three for the day. Praise God!—Jennie Sole.

THE PACIFIC

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys, 3,485.

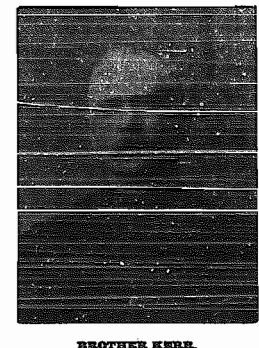
Great Falls.—Hallelujah! We're marching on fighting for God and rescuing sinners. Since last report one soul has taken his stand for God and the Salvation Army. Good meetings in general and prospects improving. Juniors going up. Hallelujah! Had a social last Saturday and cleared the corps of all liabilities. Praise God! below are extracts of local officers of Great Falls.



SERGEANT-MAJOR HENTLE.

Great Falls, Mont.

Sergeant-Major Hentle is a good War Cry seller, and in fact a good all-round Salvationist, not only in name but in deed.



BROTHER KERI.

Great Falls, Montana.

Brother Keri, the treasurer, is well known and looked up to here for his stability and as a wonder of God's saving power. Cadet Millett, for Captain Fretwick.

Victoria.—Meetings real good. Open-air splendid. Good crowds always

around the flag. Sunday night one soul, a lassie, her father and mother are Salvationists. Monday night another lassie forward, her father, mother and sister are. We hope to see them to see them both bright soldiers yet. May God strengthen them daily. Adjutant Ayre told the people he would soon see a soul come forward for salvation than have a hundred dollar bill given him.—Yours in the fight, M. L.

THE NORTH-WEST

Major McMillan.] [Crys, 3,385.

Portage la Prairie.—Lantern service fairly attended. Sunday's meetings good. A mother who was a soldier for five years, but who had been a backslider for a long time, after hearing me tell of a woman from whom God took her baby in order to get her saved, rose to her feet and cried, "My baby he calling me!" fell at the penitent form with three others, cried for and obtained pardon. Glory to God!—W. Cummins, G. B. M. P. A.

Rat Portage.—Enrolment of soldiers. Big times. Four saved during the week. Open-air all alive.

Keewatin.—Beautiful time on Sunday night. Good crowds, good collection, best of all a backslider came back to the fold. Much joy kept true.—Mrs. H. Clark, J. S. S. M.

Devil's Lake.—Arrived here Saturday. One soul in the Fountain Sunday morning from the Devil's Lake. Are believing for others.—Cadet Mattie Wick, for Captain Green.

Fargo.—Two souls seeking salvation. One officer, Adjutant Thomas and Captain Baxter, who have fought the devil faithfully for fourteen months here, and have brought many to the feet of Jesus through their untiring efforts, have left us. May God bless them in their new appointments. Ensign Hayes takes charge.—M. H. Stables, C. C.

Oakes, N. D.—Saturday night a poor drunk was attracted to our open-air, where the Spirit of God took hold of him. He asked that we would pray to God to save his soul. We invited him in the barracks where we were streaming down his face he volunteered out and gave himself up to God. Praise God, he got beautifully saved, and was enabled on the 4th to go home sober in spite of all the temptations of old companions. At our open-air meetings on the 4th the street was literally packed with listeners. Many of them had never seen the Salvation Army before. Our special drunkards' demonstration at night attracted a large crowd. Hall packed. Income over \$100. Faith high for Oakes.—Lieutenant Herringshaw. D

THE EAST

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,621.

Tit-Bits from the East.

Brigadier Margets will have a great success. We predict good times.

The Provincial Officer and Staff were at St. John I. the other night. String band was in evidence. Monster open-air. Meeting indeed finished up with one soul for pardon.

Nearly 100 officers go into fresh appointments this week. Let us hope for a revival as a result of this great change.

There will be a "Hallelujah Wedding" this way "in the sweet by-and-by." Look out for developments.—Soldier Boy.

MAJOR COLLIER AT FREDERICTON, N. B.

I have just done a week-end at this corps, where we have had a beautiful time indeed. At the holiness meeting two sisters gave themselves to God. In the afternoon we had a good crowd. One young man volunteered for salvation and four others held up their hands for prayer. At night four more came for salvation. One who was getting cold in her soul came to God. All obedient people.—T. H. Collier.

Halifax.—On Friday night (Donmon Day) ice cream festival. Good meetings on Sunday. Three souls at night. Hallelujah!—Treasurer Cashin.

Lunenburg.—After five months we have received farewell orders. Had Captain and Mrs. Knight, from Bridgeport, with us on Thursday night for a special meeting. Ice cream and cake served after the meeting, with good success. Brother and Sister Balcorn, from Halifax, gave us a lift on Sunday, when we farewelled for Halifax II.—Captain and Mrs. Thompson.

St. John V.—God is with us and victory is ours. Open-air on Sunday afternoon grand. Last week one man GAVE US A DOLLAR for ONE WAR CRY. He likes the Cry. We are praying for him. He is a backslider. We are in for in hearing God say "Well done."—Florence Anderson, Captain.

Houlton, Me.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Two souls sought salvation. Bold meeting at outpost. God has been with us all through the week.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

Freeport, N. S.—After nearly nine months' fighting in Freeport, orders have come to say goodbye. Truly a special meeting. Ice cream and cake given us victory, and may He still continue to bless the comrades under their new leaders. Captain Moore and Lieutenant McPherson.

St. George's, Ber.—Although the heat is almost unbearable our hall still continues to be filled every night. Open-air and knee-drills well attended. SIXTY-THREE TO KNEE-DRILL last Sunday. Souls are still being moved by the Spirit's power, and are nightly seen at the Mercy Seat.—Katie Welch, Captain, Ethel Martin, Lieut.

Newcastle.—Praise God for a good day Sunday. The fruits of the P. O's visit have been seen. The work he got saved has taken a bold and brave stand ever since. Hallelujah! Very pleased to report as a result of the P. O's visit the return to the fold of Brother Wise, father of an old Headquarters officer, Ensign Bertie Wise. Soldiers, friends and everybody else that were in the hall were all back. Glory to Jesus!—Magee.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Northern Section.

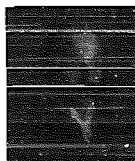
Staff-Capt. Minnie.] [Crys, 2,262.

Sudbury.—Brother Porter, our cornet player, was with us on Sunday. At holiness meeting a little girl came weeping to the penitent form. She now testifies for her Master. God bless Minnie. But that was not all. Comrades pulled their faith together, and in the night meeting hearts poured forth for the sinners. God responded. There was fishing and catching. A lassie put out her net and in came a fish. We joined the angels in giving praise to our home. For twenty years he had rebelled against God, but we believe he got beautifully saved. Hallelujah!—Yours in love with the sinners, Trickey.

Barrie.—Good time on the 12th. One soul at the drumhead in open air. Over 6,000 people visited the town. More news later.—Yours in the S. A. war, W. H. Byers.

CORPS CORRESPONDENT A. HAZELL.

I DO praise God because I am well saved and fully trusting in my Saviour. Day by day I realize more of God's wonderful love to me. He not only saves but keeps me by His Almighty power, and whereas sin at



A HAZELL.

Corps Correspondent, Sydney, C.B.

one time had dominion over me, by the grace and power of my Heavenly Father, I now have dominion over sin.—A Hazell.

In doing good, take care that the good is more prominent than the deer. The pump handle is always of less importance than the water.

Successful Campaign in the Sea-Girt Isle.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

KINDLY "au revoir" were waved by Adjutant and Mrs. Gideon Miller as the S.S. "Bruce" loosed her moorings and steamed out of North Sydney, at 10 p.m., Tuesday, June 21st, for Newfoundland. After 22 hours of an experience that shall not be described, and which is worse than death to its poor victim, the dreadful pulsation of the ship's propeller ceased, and Placentia was reached. The scenery was beautiful to those who were able to take an interest in it, but I, personally, was more interested in the terminus of my journey.

It was a welcome sound four hours later when the first of the "St. John's" was announced, and still more welcome were the faces of Ensign Tovell and other officers, and our erstwhile comrades, Brother, Mesquite, Tuff and Jonas Barter. The bright comfort and warm welcome of Mr. Bell's hospitable home were more acceptable than inanimate pen and ink can describe.

"The W. C. T. U. would like you to be present at their meeting this afternoon. It will be the last of the season." So Ensign Tovell informed me the first day of my arrival. Remembering past pleasant associations, I was anxious to accept.

A warm welcome was accorded by the President, Mrs. Peters, Lady Thorburn and others, and a deep interest manifested in my mission to the Island.

A Social meeting had been arranged for the Monday evening, but later we had found that a very important gathering of the Conference then in session, was to take place that evening. It was therefore considered better to alter the date of our meeting.

The W. C. T. U. ladies secured the splendid British Hall at a reduced rental for use. The United with other friends and comrades, announced the alteration of the date with the result that the British Hall was crowded with one of the most representative audiences in the city. The St. John's Press reported all meetings most generously. We quote from a lengthy report in the Herald:

"ST. JOHN'S SOCIAL MEETING.—SIR ROBERT THORBURN PRESIDES THE BRITISH HALL CROWDED.

"If an enthusiastic gathering is one of the best evidences of a successful meeting, the last night's Social meeting must have been very successful indeed. At the hour for opening the spacious building was crowded to its utmost capacity. On the platform and in the audience were many distinguished citizens—male and female, clerical and lay. Sir R. Thorburn occupied the chair and announced as the opening hymn, 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus.' After the hymn had been sung Rev. Mr. Robertson offered prayer. Sir Robert had no opening address and would not occupy the time of the meeting. He was in sympathy with S. A. work, had taken an interest in it years ago in England. That was when the Army was very unpopular and when it had received very ill treatment, but that time had passed and it had demonstrated that it had come to stay. One of the reasons of its success was that it had endeavored to look after the body as well as the soul and in this effort it had been eminently successful. Sir Robert's remarks were exceeding appropriate and very full of inspiration and encouragement for Army workers who were present on the occasion."

The platform was tastefully decorated with flowers through the generosity of Miss Bell, who also presided at the organ. Among those on the platform were Lady Thorburn, Mrs. Duder, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. A. Robertson, Dr. Kendall, L. C. Morris, Esq., Mr. S. Bell and others. The audience listened for over an hour to the story of the Army's going out to seek and save that which is lost, and showed their sympathy, not only by an intense attention, but by a liberal response, the immediate financial result being \$70.

There were other speakers, and Mrs. Peters gracefully retired in favor of the gentlemen on the platform. Mr. Morris spoke strong words based on his own observation. Dr. Kendall emphasized the need from personal visitation in his professional capacity—that very day he had visited two unfortunate ones, and the doctor told how manifold he could multiply the statistics given of the need that evening.

Rev. A. Robinson proposed a vote of thanks and expressed his sincere pleasure in being present and listening to the address, and of his appreciation of the information given, and assured all of his warmest sympathy and heartiest co-operation.

I was sorry that Brigadier Sharp, who had taken a deep interest in the arrangements of my visit, was obliged to be away from home. It was also a source of regret that the Field Commissioner's interesting letter to the St. John's friends did not arrive in time to be read at that important gathering.

Ensign Tovell has already won her way into the hearts of St. John's citizens. She has had quite a struggle financially, but has done excellently, and I hope now, with the Government grant, and the increased interest created by this influential meeting, that as a

Now, I am tempted to say "Amen," but knowing how eagerly many comrades and friends in Newfoundland and elsewhere read of the place where so many have found a panacea for all their sins and sorrows, I risk the relentless clipping of the editorial shears, and add a paragraph or two.

No. 1 Sunday. The spiritual thermometer gradually rose reaching a climax in the rejoicing Newfoundland dance at the close of the day.

(To be continued next week.)

Major McWilliam and the Life Guards' Band on the War Path.

Valley City.—Here we pitched our tent in a beautiful park, the finest natural park I ever saw. This was kindly lent to us by the Mayor of the city, free of charge. The attendance was very good, sometimes the tent was packed out and we had to lift the canvas, while the crowds stood all around.

Among the souls that were saved was an old man over 80 years of age, who had

Never Prayed Before.

His face lit up like the rays of a noon-day sun when God's light dawned upon his soul. If nothing else had been done, this alone would have repaid us a hundred fold for our labor.

Grand Forks was the next place where we held Camp Meetings. The weather was somewhat against us. We had to have Sunday in the barracks because the grounds were very wet. However, Monday we pitched canvas



MR. BELL.
An old Army Island, St. John's, Nfld.

No wonder the Northern Section is on such a prosperous condition with such a lot of hard-working up-to-date officers. I think a few places deserve special mention: Abbot's Harbor and outpost, \$10.35; Parry Sound, \$10.65; Mantoloking, \$17.65. Note, these places are called hard ships. I am sorry that I cannot report so favorably on the box proceeds, although some places are above last quarter, and I see no reason why this Province could not do as well as any other Province in Ontario.

The public are just as much in love with the S. A. and just as wealthy. We have more social institutions to support, and I believe with a little more system, and a lot more hard work it can be done. Benjamin Cummins and his locals fought a good fight, but we must do better, and the C. O. P. must rise and shine.—J. W. Andrews, P. A.

A "BEE" AT THE SOCIAL FARM.

ABURNING sun above and hard clouds below greeted the merry bands of Salvos, made up of the Staff and Field Officers in Toronto, when they arrived at the Social Farm for the "bee" on Wednesday.

The "bee" is an excellent idea, first put in practice amongst us by the Commandant. It is a rare tonic to the nerves of the Jaded Headquarters office hand, who comes out from his pens and labyrinthine piles of paper to a harmless, but some ancient and uncanny fossil cave. It brings into play new sets of muscles and helps to revive the easily-forgettable truth that we must never forget—viz., we are working men.

The Territorial Secretary, armed with the exhilarating saw and hammer, shed globules of honest sweat profusely, and the Comptroller of Finance lost his invariable placidity as hour after hour he industriously hammered staples over the wire netting of the henery runs. Adjutant Fergusson, at the very front in heroic endeavor, helping bore post-holes, carry timber, shovel earth, and other extraordinary athletic operations.

A useful, happy day was spent, some real help given to the Farm, and a water spring of blessing opened in the watering for prey over which Miss Booth presided in the evening. C.

Adj. Hay on "Living Sacrifices."

Lots of people are willing to give God a dead sheep that has been run over on the track by the cars—God wants a living sacrifice.

"Be Ye Clean."

I wish I could not only burn it upon the memory, but upon the heart of every Social Officer that scrupulous cleanliness in our Shelters is an absolute necessity. The warm weather is now upon us, when an extra amount of vigilance and care is needed to keep our places sweet and wholesome and free from vermin—Social Siftings.



SIR ROBERT THORBURN.

Chairman Women's Social Meeting, British Hall, St. John's, Newfoundland.

leading lady said to after the meeting. "The worst days for the Rescue Work in the Island are over." The Rev. Mr. James was the last speaker, and paid a high tribute to our dear General's life and work, saying, among other things, "If my twenty-five years' ministry in the Island of Newfoundland has been any little blessing, in the great morning when the rewards are given, that noble man and his sainted wife will share largely in the credit." We closed one of the best Social gatherings I have known at 10:40, with the large audience singing fervently, "God be with you till we meet again."

With the Salvation Army.

Word are inadequate to express my pleasure in being once more among old Newfoundland comrades. A bright welcome meeting was conducted at No. 1. A large crowd present. Kind references were made to memories and blessings of "Ye olde times."

Previous to Sunday's campaign at No. 1, I was happy to spend two evenings with Ensign Boag and his little band at No. 2. The second night, Saturday, was especially devoted to a talk to young men.

What shall I say of that beautiful day at No. 1? I am reminded as I sit on the Montreal Express scribbling this report, of the minister, who had waded through piles of manuscript and preached an eloquent sermon on the characteristics of the Greater Prophets, elaborating on the merits of the weeping Jeremiah, the fiery Elijah, and the others, he exclaimed, "What shall I say—what shall I say about the Minor Prophets? What shall I say? 'You'd better say 'Amen!' " shouted a weary listener in the back seat, "I'm going home."

and went in with all our hearts and saw fairly good results, both financially and spiritually.

We are Grafton at present. Had several souls here. The devil is doing some tall tricks. This is a most useless place, so everybody pray for Captain Fergusson, who is in charge of the corps.

To-morrow the band leaves for Winnipeg, where we will probably spend a week or so. You will hear from me again soon. — Yours fighting, H. Kreiger, Cadet.

The Light Brigade in the Northern Section.

I have just returned from my first tour in the Northern Section of the C. O. P., and had a very successful time. The fifteen corps visited in one month. I took in over \$100 with lantern meetings alone, averaging about \$7 per corps, and despite the fact that it cost me much travelling, an average of about \$2 was left at each corps visited. This is all due to the way the officers took hold and pushed the meetings. God bless them. They are a proper lot.

"A mere form of religion is always a blank dead failure."

—FIELD COMMISSIONER.



MRS. PETERS.
President W. C. T. U., St. John's, Nfld.

[Holiness Song.]

The Fire Can Purge.

CAPTAIN SHERLOCK.

Tune.—Stella.

6 Oh, cleanse my heart from every stain,
And let no dross or sin remain;
Just now upon me shed Thy light;
And put all inward foes to flight;
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

My secret sins still hold me tight;
With malice I've a constant fight,
My temper, my prayer is passions strong
For me to do that which is wrong.
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

Just now, O Lord, I cry to Thee,
Oh, make me what I ought to be,
I do believe my prayer is heard,
I take my stand upon Thy Word,
The fire can purge and cleanse from sin,
And make me clean and pure within.

[For the Soldiers' Assembly.]

Thy Promise We Claim.

Tune.—Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

By T. H. A.

7 Thy promise we claim, as before
Thee we bend,
That promise made long, long ago,
Of Holy Ghost power, to keep every hour,
While fighting for souls here below.

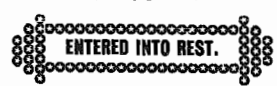
Chorus.

Pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord,
Pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord,
Pour it on me—yes, unworthy me,
Oh, pour out Thy Spirit, my Lord!

The conflict is great, and the fighting severe,
Our enemy wielding great power,
But baptized in Thee is sure victory,
We'll win with a Pentecost shower.

The world with its passions, its pomp
And its sin shall be swept away;
With hell and the flesh may combine,
And stand in array, to block up the way.

But cannot withstand Power Divine.
Let each heart be filled with this power, my Lord,
And help us to snatch men away
From hell, sin and woe—to serve Thee below,
And praise Thee in heaven for 'aye.



Entered into Rest.
Brother George Smyth, M.C.S.W.,
N.W.T.

Once again it becomes our sad duty to report the death of one of our faithful comrades, Brother George Smyth. Our comrade was a C. P. K. fireman, and while engaged at his work he and his engineer were instantly killed by the collapse of a small bridge, the structure of which had been partially burned by a prairie fire.

The sad news was a shock to the whole community, as the unfortunate trainmen were two of the most popular railroad men of the town. By the death of Brother Smyth, our little corps loses one of its best soldiers, but our loss is heaven's gain. Our comrade not only left a testimony from his lips behind him, but by his life testified day by day to the keeping power of God. Over three and half years ago he entered the corps and ever since has been an enthusiastic soldier. His mother feels the blow very much, but we are glad to report is trusting in her Saviour. May God bless and cheer the bereaved ones and help them more to love to lean on Him—J. H. Midgley, C. C.

Brother John Oxenrieder, Lisbon.

Death has taken our comrade John Oxenrieder. The funeral service, which was held around his coffin, was very touching indeed. Many wept tears of sorrow for the bereaved family, and at joy to think our beloved comrade was gone to heaven, believing our loss to be heaven's gain. He was a faithful soldier, and his father and mother and two brothers are fighting as soldiers in our ranks. May God put His everlasting arms around them at this time and bear them up, in our prayer. We are solving on to consoling, to lift the Blood-stained banner of the of the Cross and to persuade people to become Christians.

NEW SONGS

...and OLD SONGS

SUITABLE FOR EVERY
KIND OF MEETING
AND EVERY KIND OF
SALVATION WARFARE.

A Short Time Ago.

Tune.—Come shout and sing.

1 It was but a short time ago,
When all looked dark and drear.
Salvation Soldiers marched the streets,
I thought it looked so queer.
I followed to their hall,
And heard the Saviour's call.
And a little talk with Jesus made me right.

Chorus.

A little talk with Jesus made it right,
A little talk with Jesus made it right,
In trials of every kind, praise God I always find
A little talk with Jesus made it right.

Some of the men who first did bawl,
And persecute the worst,
Who, when in rum, would stagger home,
Their wives and children cursed.
Kneeling on the barracks floor,
And now they sin no more,
A little talk with Jesus made them right.

The lassies, too, turned up their nose
As we went marching by;
They said it was no place for girls,
And every scheme would try
To break our every little band.
But thank the Lord we stand,
For a little talk with Jesus kept us right.

In days of old when Christ was here
In dark Gethsemane,
They came with clubs and knives and swords,
And nailed Him to the tree.
We think the way is rough,
And oft the fighting tough,
But a constant talk with Jesus keeps us right.

THE WORLD WAS WRECKED THROUGH WHAT THE WORLD TO-DAY WOULD CALL A VERY LITTLE SIN.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Prodigal Come Home.

Tune.—Home, sweet home.

2 Poor prodigal, come back to your home,
Why will you in sin and wretchedness roam?
Why will you be starving on hedges,
With the swine
While Jesus can feed you with food
That's divine?

Chorus.

Come home! Come home!
Return to your Father,
Come back to your home.

Your Father is waiting with arms open wide,
To wash your white robe in the sin-cleansing tide.
He's waiting to give you the kiss of His love,
And fit you on earth to be with Him above.

Say, "I will arise, to my Father I'll go,
And if you repent, He His mercy will show;
He'll freely forgive you, forget all your past,
And give you a joy that forever shall last.

Living for Jesus.

Tune.—Sidewalks of New York.

3 Living for the Master, privilege divine,
Winning precious jewels, in His diadem to shine;
Down among the lowliest, up unto the high,
Toll the wonderful story, how the Saviour came to die.

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus, King Emmanuel,
How I love to praise Thee, now I live to do His will,

Soon she'll cross death's chilly river,
And enter heaven's gates with joy;
She prays that in that Golden City
She'll meet once more her wandering boy.

Song for Salvation Meeting.

THE COMMANDANT.

5 Oh, wanderer knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' loving face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace,
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee,
There's mercy still for thee,
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee.

For thee, though sunk in dark despair,
Thy Saviour's blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb,
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou mayst find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love,
There's mercy still for thee.

Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy;
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
There's mercy still for thee.

The love that is not deep enough to touch the purse is not high enough to reach heaven.



OUR WITNESS BOX
GORE'S CORRESPONDENT ABRAHAM JESS, Kentville, N.S.

What I Was.

A SINNER, of course. With regard to quantity and quality, I was not perhaps outwardly the worst. A sinful and corrupt heart was mine, but careful home training and favorable surroundings produced a minimum crop of evil.
Had I been reared next door to a saloon and turned out to run the streets at my own sweet will as soon as I knew how to run, I would probably have been quite as bad if not worse than the majority of those whose lot has been to grow up under such unfavorable circumstances.



ABRAHAM JESS AND FAMILY,
Kentville, N.S.

I professed conversion and joined a church before I was out of my teens. My experience was good for a time. I soon after left home to work for a living, and neglecting the means of grace became a backslider. I did not go deeply into sin, but by refusing to hear my cross and confess Christ among strangers, I grieved the Spirit and He left me.

What I Am.

A Salvation Soldier. For over eight years it has been my chief aim in life to carry out to the fullest extent in my own experience all that is meant by those three words.

"Are you letting your light shine?" were almost the first words spoken to me by an Army officer, and then I saw why I was in the dark. I began to obey God and my experience has been growing stronger and brighter ever since. I now hold a commission as Corps Sergeant-Major. God is blessing me as I go forward filling the position that He has given me to the very best of my ability. As Corps Correspondent a new field opens before me. It is too soon to speculate as to the harvest. I will simply promise to do my best.

Speaking for my wife, she is a real helpmeet to me. Though not able to set to the mothers very much she finds ample exercise for her talents in the management of the Junior Corps at home, as represented in the photo—Francis and Barton. May God help us to carry out our vows and make them into faithful warriors of His.

PEACE IN BELIEVING.

Through fiery furnace tread,
Through dark tunnels driven,
Oh! precious soul "Fear not,"
You come unto the light of Heaven.

Through storm and tempest wild,
Tossed on the angry foam,
Behold Him with, and true,
Your Father at the helm.

Through darkness dense and deep,
Through loneliness and grief
He leadeth still to life,
And holiness and Heaven.

Be passive in His hands,
He worketh all His will
In time the light will shine
A foretaste here of Heaven.

A. ROWAN.

Diamond Dust.

God finds it hard to do much for a lazy man.

Choose right and God will help you to do right.

If the pulpit is to be powerful the pew is to be prayerful.

Grace came by Jesus Christ, and disgrace by man's sin.

Christ is on trial as much in your home as He was before Pilate.

If you want to save your life, spend it well.

Make much of God and you will make little of all beside.

The man who follows Christ as his model will be a model man.

The more we realize our own goodness, the less we have of it.

Better fall on the way to heaven than fall to find the way to heaven.

It is worth more to the world for a man to live right than to die happy.

The devil will be sure to stay a while if he calls on you when you are idle.

God will never be satisfied with you until you are dissatisfied with yourself.

To-day's happiness is married to to-day's duty, and God never grants a divorce.

The man who gives to advertise his charity has no charity worth advertising.

The trouble in the Lord's army to-day is that so many soldiers want to be officers.

Now that you have space for repentance, pray that God will give you grace for repentance.

If men do not find Christ in the Bible the fault is theirs; if they do not find Him in you the fault is yours.

Every business man should be a Christian in his business, and every Christian should be businesslike in his Christianity.

It is much more important to be ready for Christ's coming at any moment than to speculate when He will come again.

The thought of evil is necessary, but not the evil of thought.

FOR OUR BOYS.

THIS man who deliberately goes where he knows he will be tempted, unless he has a call of God to go there, virtually makes an appointment with the devil. The Arabs have a proverb, "To think about vice is vicious." There is a great deal said in the newspapers about the fool who blows in the muzzle of a loaded gun, or attempts to light a fire with a revolver. All can, but neither of these are to be compared in folly with the young man who makes and keeps an appointment with wild and dissolute companions, whom he knows will go to places, and deal with forms of sin, which he has always been taught to shun as he would a reptile.

PENTECOST made the timid bold, and ordinary men and women into those who turned the world upside down.

THE GENERAL.

LITTLE POLLIE MARTIN.

A BALLAD OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

BY BRIGADIER WILLIAM H. HARDING, EDITOR OF THE Social Gazette.

I.—THE STORY.

Queen of the street was little Pollie Martin,
A taking child of Gutterland romance;
She could twist and bound and curl
With the real professional twirl
Of a nimble ballet girl.
When young Jackson called the organ,
And we ran to see the dance.

Gay in her blues was little Pollie Martin,
Adored of prosperous High Street trades-
men's sons.
They sighed and hinted marriage,
Wedding breakfast, two-horse carriage,
Fortnight's honeymoon at Harwich;
And they bought her wondrous presents,
from new hats to new Bath bun.

Chiefest of all to little Pollie Martin,
Swaggered dandy Jenks the gay Marine;
The mercenary, the devoted,
So deep-chested, so high-throated—
He was wonderfully coated;
But he disappeared one Sunday when folks
whispered what he'd been.

Been very mean to little Pollie Martin,
(Mourn for suffering sinners, oh, my heart!)
She may weep or vent her rage,
She may dash against the cage,
But must take the devil's wage;
Her life is dust and ashes and it's hard to
see a part.

Motherless and ill was little Pollie Martin,
Pining in the lodging where she lay;
But the best friend turns curmudgeon,
If one's downed by any bludgeon
(If one's proved not pike but gudgeon)
And the heritage of sorrow is the heritage
of lay.

Rushed the police after little Pollie Martin,
A warrant out for murder meant "pursue"
Men had raked a heap asunder,
Where a corpse still warm, lay under,
And the Press poured forth its thunder
(For advertisements were scanty), and the
Special's horrors flew.

Glared Ancient Bailey at little Pollie Martin,
A ruined wretch, she stands without a hope.
Yes, she did it in despair
When her brain was mad with care,
And her lot too hard to bear.
So the Judge has drawn the Cap on, and
her prospect is the Rope.

Ponder wise paws o'er little Pollie Martin,
The Judge is melted (Judge, he has a wife);
The Department yawns a word,
And the hangman saves his cord,
Kind compassion we afford,
So Pollie's merely serving penal servitude
for life.

Fortune has smiled on Jenks, the gay young
soldier,
He is wedded to a widow who fancied a
Marine.
She bought him out—"her honey,"
His ways are mild but sunny;
While she works he spends the money:
Much respected on the Vestry of St. Mary
Magdalene.

Strange loom men's ways, uneven in the Lord's
sight—
Agree your code with justice if you can;
Leave the child to dabble mud,
If she's splashed, or with a thud,
Tumbles, she must pay with blood,
Since she's sinned against Society she
suffers by its ban.

II.—THE MORAL

So we'll pass poor little Pollie in her sin,
For we love to see the white shark's belcher
fin;
It's the falcon that's the darling,
When it snaps the naughty starling,
—Let the strong one smash the weak and
Ravin win

Oh, the early bird it gulps the worm and caws,
And the foolish chicken squeals in Reynard's
jaws;

If I can't defend myself,
Put me on the devil's shelf,
Since I'm prey to man-made justice and its
laws.

Brag your gains, but own you're heathen in
your ruth,
For Religion's not yet drawn man's murder-
tooth;
And it bores to stand for right,
While we've ever cheers for might,
So you'll fly the old Death's-head and grin at
truth

But the Rover's standing in for more than luck,
For the filth is bound to mingle with the muck;
You may sling the fowling bow;
But—your cannot dodge the toll
At the Audit, when the Balances are struck.



Captain, please may I have a Collection Card for Harvest Festival?

ANECDOTAL AND USEFUL,
Or, **Weather-forecast for our Field Fighters**
AT HOME.

REASONS FOR TEMPERANCE.

DURING a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said: "I don't know nothin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it."
"What are they?" asked the lawyer.
And the grim old farmer responded: "Four sons and three daughters."

THE BEGGAR RESUKED.

THE late Mr. Milson was one of the best known preachers in Yorkshire, and was renowned for his liberality to the poor.

One day he helped a man very substantially upon hearing a piteous story; but overheard the man telling the same tale the very next day.

Mr. Milson at once called the man in, and demanded the return of his money. The man refused, and Mr. Milson at once fell on his knees and prayed—
"O Lord, Thou knowest I am Thy poor servant, and all the money I get comes from Thy poor people; Lord, this young man has been robbing me of some of Thy money, for which Thou couldst easily strike him dead; I, Lord, he is blind of one eye; how soon couldst Thou take away the sight of the other?"

He continued in this strain for some minutes, until the beggar, who had vainly tried to pass him to escape, suddenly threw some copper on the floor, exclaiming:—
"There, take that! As sure as I'm alive, it's every penny I have. For heaven's sake let me go, and I solemnly promise I will never rob another preacher."

SQUIRM, OLD NATURE!

A MAN who is naturally stingy has a hard struggle before him if he would conquer his covetousness. When he can put his heart into the charity-box, his pocket-book will readily follow. A deaf old man, a professed Christian, but noted for his covetousness, once did a magnificent thing for himself by making his passion squirm.

He was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed towards the preacher.

The sermon so moved him that he said to himself, "I'll give £2!" Again, becoming more excited, he said, "I'll give £3!" At the close of the appeal he thought he would give £25.

The boxes were passed. As the deacons moved along, his emotions began to ooze out. He came from ten to four, to two, to one, to zero. He concluded he would not give a penny.

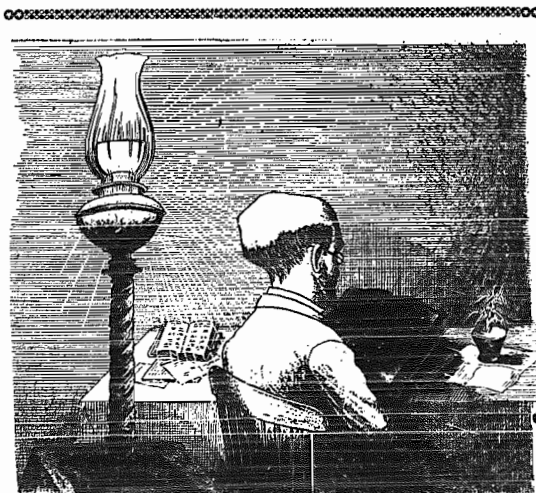
"Yet," said he, "this won't do. This covetousness will be my ruin."

The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was under his chin—all the congregation were looking.

In the agony of the final moment he took his pocket book and laid it on the box, saying to himself as he did it:—
"Now squirm, old nature!"

—Anything with the Holy Spirit at the back don't seem odd, even if it is repeated.—P. E. S.

THE WAR CRY. Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



CAN'T SEE FOR HIS HEAD.

MANY a Christian has got his head in the way of full salvation and the mighty fullness of the Holy Ghost! There is no fact surer than that "except we become as little children" in unquestioning faith and in expectant trust, we cannot enter or possess the inner glories of the Kingdom of God. Some have begun to reason about Divine truths till they have well-nigh made shipwreck of their faith. Christians are like the "gallant six hundred"—it is not

theirs to reason, but obey! Many of the "higher critics" of the Bible have come to be all head and no heart; they have got their precious heads in the way of the only light that will lead them out of the path to perdition; while the ignorant, but believing souls, simple enough to trust the Word of Jehovah, are made spiritual giants and distinguished heirs of the kingdom of grace!

It is the childlike heart-repose on the simple declaration of God that moves the hand of Omnipotence!